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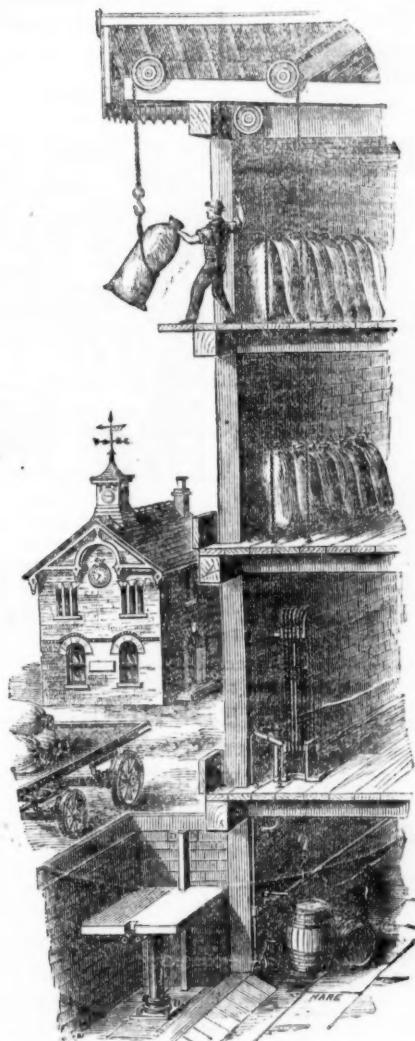
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THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

Vol. IV.—No. 204.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, 10 OCTOBER, 1879.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

SKETCHES BY JINGO.

XIII.—SCODGER'S REVENGE.

"But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,
(Where'to the rather shall his day's hard journey
Soundly invite him), his two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince,
That memory, the warder of the brain,
Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
The unguarded Duncan? What, not put upon
His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt
Of our great quell?" *Shakspeare.*

UCH were the thoughts of Scodger as, some few evenings after the events recorded in our last number took place, he sat with a diabolical grin upon his parchment-like countenance, gazing intently upon the piece of writing paper which we have already referred to as containing the entire "plan" of Scodger's intended revenge for the "ghostly" and ghastly trick which the wicked boys of "The Dancing Demon" public-house had, as our readers know, so successfully played upon our poor persecuted hero.

"Those may laugh who win," soliloquised Scodger; "and, although they have succeeded in having a joke at my expense, I rather fancy they will change their triumphant notes in the course of a day or two. I ain't a-going to be made a fool of by sich a mean sneaking lot as them is, an' I'll let 'em see that Scodger ain't so green as he's cabbage-lookin'!"

Wicked Scodger! how little he thought of those noble words which tell us that—

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes,
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest."

No, all his darkened spirit craved for was vengeance swift and sure; he would have nothing less than his pound of flesh—measure for measure, full to overflowing. Scodger had so well matured his plans, that when the night arrived upon which he intended to carry out his scheme, it found him quite prepared to go through with it to the bitter, bitter end. Most of the principal ringleaders of the "ghost" affair were, on the evening in question, assembled at "The Dancing Demon," holding a kind of free-and-easy concert for the moral, social, and intellectual benefit of the young village bloods, with "Mr." Scodger as chairman. Smiling benevolently upon the company, our hero arose (amid much cheering) upon his twine-toed feet, and extending his long, lean arms in a theatrical attitude, delivered an oration worthy of a far more noble cause than the present rather insignificant meeting. It gave great pleasure to see so many of his dearly beloved mates before and behind, and on either side of him, and he hoped, trusted, and prayed that they might all be joined together until death did them part! (Applause, mingled, however, with a few faint hisses from a few malcontents who had the audacity to doubt the sincerity of the speaker's expressions.) The concert then began, and soon "The good Rhine wine," in the shape of Edwin Waugh's "honest four-penny," began to flow pretty freely, and the good old name of Scodger was toasted over and over by a few enthusiastic admirers, who looked upon our illustrious hero as "the coming man." Seizing a watched-for opportunity Scodger rushed out to the nearest druggist, and, hastily procuring a harmless drug from him was just in time to drop it in a gallon jug of foamy beer, the only person in the secret being the boots of the house,

whom Scodger had bound to secrecy over an old greasy-looking Bible, never to divulge the terrible secret which Scodger breathed into the young man's too willing ear. From uproarious mirth the boys one by one grew more subdued, others grew morose and even quarrelsome, and, eventually, slid down upon the floor, and were soon reposing in various postures upon the floor.

Some who had not yet succumbed to the beery influence of the "four-penny," sang, in a rather drowsy manner, "Old John Barleycorn," &c., altering their notes a little when, sinking upon the floor, they fell upon the keen-edged spittoons and other objects of "our boys'" private room, which lay scattered in admirable confusion all around. As we know—

"Young blood will have its course,
And every dog its day,"

so that when the last of the carousers—Scodger, of course, excepted—had departed to the land of Nod, he left the room, and, assisted by his confederate, carried out his one great act of retaliation. Going to a certain part of the yard, they obtained about half-a-dozen empty sacks, and producing a stocking needle, the two conspirators actually enveloped the sleepers in the sacks, and sewed the unconscious victims tightly in, and fastened the mouth of the sacks around the bull necks of the "boys."

One by one they were conveyed to a bedroom which was generally reserved for stray visitors to the place, it being mostly occupied by persons of the farmer class, who were often glad of the good old-fashioned hospitality and well-known liberality of "The Dancing Demon." One by one the "sleepers" were swiftly shoved underneath a huge four-poster bed of the last century, and there left alone to enjoy the sweet repose of

"Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse,"

Scodger never, of course, dreaming for a moment that the denouement of his plot would be something awful to contemplate in the days to come, when memory would, perchance, cause him to look back upon that brief, but unhappy time! A considerable time ere the customers of "The Dancing Demon" were turned out for the night, and told to "Go home to their poor wives and children before it got so late" (!) by the comely landlady of the house, and seconded by her other half, a surly-looking farmer drove up to the door, and, alighting, desired to know if he could be accommodated with a bed for himself and a stall for his horse for the night. The landlord thought he could, and, conducting him into the parlour, he (the farmer) called for something hot and strong, as he was "a most chilled to the marrow of his bones." He soon afterwards called for a candle, and was, ere long, shown to his bedroom by the malicious-minded and mischievous boots, who, anticipating a scene of a most vivid and life-like character, showed the drowsy farmer to the room where "our boys" were now sleeping! Too tired to notice aught particularly, or that he was not quite alone in his place of intended rest, he threw off his boots, clothes, &c., and was soon preparing to fall into the loving arms of Morpheus. It might be about midnight that the worthy farmer was suddenly awakened by a most extraordinary shuffling noise which appeared to come from under his bed, whilst ever and anon a groan would be given by someone or something, which sounded awfully impressive to the farmer's excited imagination. Jumping hastily out of bed, he fell over what appeared to be a sack, the said sack appearing to exhibit strange convulsive movements not usual with that kind of thing. Darting to where he thought the matches ought to be, he tremblingly struck a light, and guess his amazement when he beheld, almost in a circle around the room, upwards of four sacked creatures wriggling about the floor, the supply being kept up from whence he had first been disturbed. Like "quills upon the fretful porcupine" the farmer's scanty locks began to lift his huge nightcap from his big red head, his eyes stood out like balls from between his large proboscis, his fingers nervously twitching for the stout shillalegh which reposed at his

BOTHAM'S WORM CAKES

(Manufactured by Lovenashulme.) are universally admitted to be the best and most palatable, and the only preparation to be relied on either for children or adults. 1d each—7 for 6d.—and 1s. canisters—of all Chemists throughout the world.

other end of the room, but to which he had not as yet the courage to go. One of the sacks appearing at this moment to become endowed with animal motion, thus proving rather too much for the bewildered farmer's keen appreciation of the fitness of things, he gave a yell of Indian war-whoop type, and, "letting out" his ponderous fist at the red head which protruded from the sack, brought it down with a terrific crash upon the floor, the "head," meanwhile, emitting a curious combination of sounds peculiar to many when aught has intervened to make the otherwise even tenour of their lives run less smooth. The farmer now darted to the other end of the room, and with a cry of joy pounced upon his beloved black-thorn, and, goodness days alive, how he did "lay it about him," to be sure! Talk about beating carpets—bah, it was nothing to compare to the noise which emanated from both the outside and the inside of the unfortunate sacks!

Young Scutcher, reckless of the consequences, got the bedroom window so far open as to allow of the egress of his head, and, having by this time managed to effect the liberation of his arms, was about to drop into the depth below when, horror of horrors, the window went down in the centre of his back, leaving the poor wretch half in and half out of the room. Like a vulture upon its helpless prey, the farmer swooped down upon Scutcher, and seizing him by the posterior part of his unmentionables pounded away right merrily. Seeing their opportunity the remainder of the boys yelled out to the people, who had by this time been led to the door by the uproar within, "Let us out! let us out! we're being murdered, every one;" whilst they, prevented from entering, owing to the farmer having locked the door overnight, and as was invariably his custom when sleeping in a strange room, shrieked forth in wildly excited voices—"Let us in! let us in! let us in!" A good door it must have been, or it never could have withstood the double blows it got from those before and those behind it. Rushing downstairs the half demented landlord procured a crowbar, and inserting it between the post and the door forced it open, to the evident discomfiture of the boys who, having planted themselves against it in vain hope of getting it open, rolled out of the room, overturned "mine host," and, apparently, not satisfied with that, precipitated him and themselves down the rickety old stairs, which stood in close contiguity to the bedroom. Such howling and shrieking never, I ween, were ever heard before. The landlady fell into hysterics upon a sofa; the men who were near rushed wildly and distractedly from place to place; one, having a dim idea that water was good for "faints," got the largest bucket he could find, and filling it with cold spring water, emptied the contents upon his mistress, who, afterwards, deducted the price of a new silk dress from his wages for his solicitude on her behalf. Some officious person ran for the doctor, one for the parson, and another for the police, all of whom arrived in due course and added their little quota to the general confusion. One policeman—he got promoted afterwards for the noble deed—stood at the bottom of the stairs, and as the sacks with human heads on them rolled downstairs, he "brought them down" like one to the manner born. The only grave mistake he made was when the farmer stumbled down the stairs the policeman gave him a sounding thwack upon the head, which brought the follower of the plough ignominiously upon the nicely sanded floor. This, instead of clearing up matters to a satisfactory conclusion, only added to the general uproar, for the farmer, not receiving the blow in the spirit of Christian charity after the manner of those who "return good for evil," dealt the policeman a heavy tap upon his upper storey, which had the effect of bringing the man of many buttons to a proper sense of the insult he had given the inoffensive farmer, who swore dreadfully, and vowed he would have "wips o' law" for what he had suffered that night. Poor Scutcher's groans could be heard as he frantically endeavoured to force himself from the window, to the evident delight of a crowd of half-dressed villagers, who by this time had assembled to view the unaccustomed scene of a midnight row at "The Dancing Demon." Such howling, shrieking, and yelling, as now rent the balmy air, were never heard before, and had any stranger been there he would have thought all the lunatics of the kingdom were assembled together. Scutcher's position, however, was too unnatural to last long; so making a final effort, he got his hands on each side of the window-sill, shot himself forward with swift velocity, and looked for all the world like an angel of darkness (minus wings, of course), until he found himself forcibly propelled against old Barrel Joe, who was knocked off his feet, and lay sprawling upon the muddy earth, with the bruised Scutcher lying groaning in an agony of pain and fear combined by his side. Soon, a sudden rush of the crowd betokened the occurrence of some fresh event, and soon there appeared at the front entrance of the public-house Yelby Heather's

old donkey and cart, and into it the "boys" were tumbled, Scutcher being the last picked up. A sympathising (?) crowd followed them to the village lockup, and, as they were being dragged forth from the cart Scodger produced his note-book in order to make a "par." for the local paper, and, as he knew most of the particulars of the case, we cannot wonder that his report should be styled "true to life" by those who were there at the time. The old farmer had his "wips o' law," and he had also the satisfaction of seeing the shorn heads of "our boys" when they were released from durance vile—no one being foolish enough to go bail for their good behaviour. For a considerable time whole affair was wrapped up in mystery, and had it not been for the spirit of evil—in the shape of a liking for "something hot"—which reposed in the convivial soul of Scodger, there can be no question that the whole affair would have been put down to the supernatural agency of the "old boy," and have thus formed one of the traditions of our ancient village in the days to come, but Scodger, boasting one evening that he could produce more money than any person then sitting in the "Dancing Demon," accidentally pulled out the piece of writing paper already referred to by me as containing his late plan of action, found written in large characters, "Scodger's Revenge," with a coffin and crossbones underlining the words. The "boys" could not forget that they had lost their once unsullied characters; that their money—once so freely spent in beer—had to be devoted to the clearing off of "the current debt" for damages done to "The Dancing Demon" house, such as broken windows, &c., and the law expenses, and the settling of the harassing claims of the ill-used old farmer, whose remembrance of "our village" is not a particularly happy one. The place that once knew Scodger now alas knows him no more; and had it not been for the exertions of the local police, we feel certain that Scodger would have come to an untimely death at the hands of his former companions. Such is life—as I find it.

SUGGESTED IN MARKET STREET, 1879.

[BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECOLLECTIONS OF A PEDESTRIAN TOURIST."]

IT is sweet to see the tiny tripping feet,
Quick stepping by the careful mother's side,
As thro' the city crowd she makes her way.
Hand fast in hand, together on they go,
She, careful to conduct the little one
Where pressure least may incommode his path;
He, gaily wrapt against th' uncertain clime,
And, gravely wondering at the noise, and stir,
And tumult of the busy, bustling throng,
That ebbs and flows on every side around,
As, through the dingy reek, o'er head, a ray
Of sunlight stealing, suddenly illumines
The sombre street a little space, and cheers
The heart awhile with memories of green fields,
And sunny hills, and distant, silvery lakes.
So thou, dear, innocent, little one, hast borne
My thoughts from this dull scene of common life,
To where my dwelling stands, amid the breath
Of gales (unsullied by the city smoke)
Exhaled from smiling hill, or valley green.
Thence issuing forth, when morning dews are bright,
Thither returning, when the western clouds
With evening's fiery gold are all aflame,
My heart hath oft rejoiced, to see the bloom
Of rustic beauty, spread o'er earth and sky,
And hear the sprightly lark, or mellow thrush,
Hail the returning or the dying day.
But oh! what greater joy to look upon
My little ones' bright faces, and to hear
The childish voice of greeting, or farewell;
To kiss the rosy lip, or gently pass
My fingers thro' the shining, golden curls,
Which o'er the brow of "little Sunshine" stray,
Or take him in my arms, my youngest born,
And list the artless effort of his lips
To tell his glee in speech articulate.
Love little children! for, in truth, they are
God's witnesses, before a sinful world,
Of purity, docility, and trust.
'Tis theirs the memory to perpetuate
That man hath heretofore been pure, and teach
That he to purity may rise again,
Through that New Birth, whereof He spake, who said,
"Suffer the little ones to come to Me."

COUPON DINNERS.

FOUR COURSES, 1s., at the ALBERT RESTAURANT, ALBERT BRIDGE. Dinners à la Carte throughout the day. Soup, 4d.; Entrées or Joints, 6d. and 10d.; Chop or Steak, 10d.; Teas, 5d. J. CAVARGNA, General Caterer.

LAUGHABLE SCENE AT PATRICROFT: HOAXING THE RATEPAYERS.

[BY AN ECCLES CAKE.]

LAST week several placards were posted in various conspicuous parts of Eccles, Patricroft, and Barton, to the effect that—"A meeting would be held in the large room of the Bridgewater Hotel, for the purpose of selecting a person for the approval of the members of the Local Board, to fill the vacancy created by the lamented death of Mr. J. Parr. Chair to be taken at eight o'clock p.m. Ratepayers and householders kindly attend." As those who perpetrated the hoax knew full well the Local Board has power under the Public Health Act to appoint a person in the place of a deceased member, without the necessity of appealing to the ratepayers, there can be no question that many went more for the fun of the thing than from any idea that anything in the way of selecting a desirable person to succeed the late Mr. Parr would take place. There were present Liberals, Conservatives, and Home Rulers, who, with their sprigs of shillaleghs and shamrocks so green, gave quite an imposing look to the motley gathering. The principal "nobs" present on this auspicious occasion were Messrs. E. B. Hunter, A. Black, White, Dunn, Brown, Watt, Haigh, Green, Hyde, Monster, Daek, Warren, Cannon, Chapman, W. Darbyshire, Platt, Buxton, J. Ellwood, Junr., Gleave, &c., &c.

Before proceeding further I must here premise that a memorial had been going through the village for the signatures of those ratepayers who are in favour of an "inquiry" being made into the alleged jobbery by the Local Board, anent which we reported in our columns a few weeks ago. The audience having waited upwards of an hour and a half, began to think they had been fooled. Mr. Edward Blears, one of the promoters of the desired inquiry, rose and called upon Mr. Black, as a member of the Board, to sign the memorial. This caused a ratepayer to call forth lustily:—"Thean's gettin this meetin' up fur that purpose, owd fawse dumplin'!"

Mr. BLEARS (amid cheers and chairs): Hurrah! We are going to do a good stroke of business now. [Begins to dance round the room, and alighted upon the gouty toes of Mr. Black, who, growing white with passion, "moved" (rather quickly) that Mr. Platt take the chair.]

Mr. PLATT hoped that the "prognosticators," the "calligators," "excavators," or whatever they were, would excuse him, as he was a ratepayer of Winton Ward. He also hoped the press would not take notice of his illogical grammar, but he was tired of waiting, as he had a wife and children at home who required his constant care and attendance.

Mr. HUNTER: I beg to propose that Mr. J. Pearson take the chair.

Mr. J. PEARSON (proud of the compliment paid him by Mr. Hunter): I beg to move, that as Mr. Hunter is a bigger man than me, he take the chair.—(A borrowed one by-the-bye.)

Mr. CHAPMAN: I think it is almost time we commenced business. Someone must know about calling this meeting.

Mr. HUNTER (gazing with rather a severe countenance at Mr. Anson, proprietor of the "Bridgewater"): I move that we call upon Mr. A. to tell us who has engaged this room for this meeting.

Mr. DACK: He says he does not know.

Mr. HUNTER (seeing that they were all in a muddle, then called "order," and said): I move that we have a convivial meeting. (Hear, hear, from a chorus of voices, whose loudness of tones gave evidence that they did not effect the low simpering whisper of society.)

Mr. BUXTON: I move that Mr. Hunter pay for glasses round.

This soon found a seconder, and the (un)happy gentleman had the satisfaction of knowing that all in the room were drinking "long life, health, wealth, and prosperity" to him, and all those little gushes of feeling which seizes upon us when under the influence of Bacchus.

Mr. PLATT: I don't mind singing a song, which won't be a very long one, and will tend to the enjoyment of us all.

A RATEPAYER: A' reet; brast off, Platty.

Mr. P. then gave a few verses, of which the following is a fair specimen, and which were entitled—

THE JUDICIOUS SYSTEM OF FORTY YEARS AGO.

The speedy arm of justice
Was never known to fail;
The gaol supplied the gallows,
The gallows thinned the gaol.

And sundry wise precautions
The sages of the law

Discreetly framed, whereby they aimed
To keep the rogues in awe.

For, lest some sturdy criminal,
False witnesses should bring—
His witnesses were not allowed
To swear to anything.

And lest his wily advocate
The court should overreach,
His advocate was not allowed
The privilege of speech.

Yet such was the humanity,
And wisdom of the law,
That if in his indictment there
Appeared to be a flaw,

The court assigned him councillors
To argue on the doubt,
Provided he himself had first
Contrived to point it out.

Yet lest their mildness should, perchance,
Be craftily abused,
To show him the indictment they
Most sturdily refused.

But still that he might understand
The nature of the charge,
The same was in the Latin tongue,
Read out to him at large!

'Twas thus the law kept rogues in awe,
Gave honest men protection,
And justly famed, by all was named
Of wisdom the perfection.

(Loud and uproarious applause, during which a number of mine host's glasses came to grief.)

Mr. Platt then sat down, but the self-satisfied grin which lay across his face suddenly changed to one of agony, owing to someone having placed a crooked pin upon his chair. He groaned fearfully, but blamed no one openly.

Mr. J. J. JOHNSON (Urmston) thought it was a great shame that such respectable gentlemen as they were should be hoaxed in the disgraceful manner they had been.

W. O. FREEMAN (Streford): I think we ought to offer a reward, as it is rather above a joke to get us here from such a distance to be made fools of; I wouldn't mind being five shillings towards it. (Loud applause.)

Mr. J. HORROCKS (Manchester, who is nothing if not critical), said he believed that one man was as happy as another, and such being the case he thought the pleasure the last speakers had derived from the "meeting" would compensate them for their journey from their respective homes. (Hear, hear, and "Question.")

Mr. J. ELLWOOD (complaining bitterly as he thought of the speech he had got off by heart for this special occasion, and which was now lost): If meetings of this sort were to be called to study the interests of the ratepayers—and which he took it ought to be considered—then they ought to know who had called the meeting and caused the bills to be printed. (Applause.)

A RATEPAYER: Come, let us be joyful; we are jolly dogs together.]

And to prove his jollity he sang "We'll not go home till morning, Till daylight doth appear," in a style worthy of the great Sims Reeves himself.

A VOICE: Let's sing th' "Owd Hundert," un go whoam.

ANOTHER VOICE: Aw reet; strike eaut.

They did so, and the meeting dispersed amid loud laughter, and the cheers and groans of a few of the mischievously inclined "boys" who had come prepared to get a full-blown Home Ruler into the Board, if possible.

OLD AND NEW NOBILITY.

MR. DISRAELI, in his *Sybil*, informs us that, "The Old Nobility of Spain delighted to address each other only by their names, when in the presence of a *spic* and *span* grandee; calling each other, 'Infantado,' 'Sidonia,' 'Ossuna,' and then turning round with the most distinguished consideration, and appealing to the 'Most Noble Marquis of Eusemada.'" Do the English nobility copy the address of their Spanish consins? and when the Noble Lords meet, say, "Ah! Ceeil—how do?" "Nice day, Worsley," "Good day, Cavendish," "How are you, Stanley?" and then turn round and say, "And how does Sir Benjamin Dis-ra-e-li, the Right Honourable Earl of Beaconsfield, to-day?"

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JACKDAW
85, MARKET STREET, 85.

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"GREGSON'S FRAGMENTS OF LANCASHIRE."

We direct our readers' attention to the fact that we are about to reproduce Gregson's famous "Fragments of Lancashire" in the columns of the *Jackdaw*. This work has long been out of print, till Messrs. Routledge's recent edition, and is still altogether out of the reach of ordinary readers. We shall correct the proved errors of the original work, and produce a book of sterling value to Lancashire men.

TOWN HALL CARILLONS FOR ENSUING WEEK.

At 8, 6, 9, and 12 o'clock.

Friday,	Oct. 10.—Rosseau's Dream.
Saturday,	" 11.—Bonnie Dundee.
Sunday,	" 12.—Christians Awake.
Monday,	" 13.—The Heavens are Telling.
Tuesday,	" 14.—Here's a Health to all Good Lasses.
Wednesday,	" 15.—Old Hundredth Psalm.
Thursday,	" 16.—See the Conquering Hero Comes.

CURRENT AMUSEMENTS.

Theatre Royal.—	<i>A Kiss in the Dark; Withered Leaves; and Romulus and Remus.</i>
"	Saturday.— <i>Heroes and Romulus and Remus.</i>
"	Monday.— <i>Mr. J. L. Toole.</i>
Prince's Theatre.—	Carl Rosa Opera Company. <i>Mignon.</i>
"	Saturday.— <i>Piccolino.</i>
"	Monday.— <i>Mr. Charles Dillon.</i>
Queen's Theatre.—	<i>New Babylon.</i>
"	Monday.— <i>The Girls.</i>
Free Trade Hall.—	Saturday, De Jong's Concert.
Gaiety.—	Theatre of Varieties.
People's Concert Hall.—	Variety Entertainment.
Royal Institution.—	Exhibition of Paintings.
Whaite's, Bridge Street.—	Exhibition of Water Colours.
Cooke's Circus.—	Zulu War.
Belle Vue.—	Zoological Gardens. The Afghan War.

CAWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Parliamentary return of the public income and expenditure of the financial year ending 31st March last, was thus particularized on Tuesday last:—

Interest and charges on public debt.....	£27,531,398
Army.....	16,945,152
Navy.....	11,787,347
War in South Africa.....	1,500,000
Payments on account of Abyssinian and Ashantee expeditions.....	18,869
Civil Service.....	14,248,417
Customs.....	913,493
Inland Revenue Department.....	1,763,368
	£74,708,044
The income to meet this expenditure is.....	72,419,219
Deficit.....	£2,288,825

W. WHITTER,

PRACTICAL CARRIAGE DESIGNER AND BUILDER, SHAKSPERE CARRIAGE WORKS, SHAKSPERE STREET, ARDWICK, MANCHESTER.

And not one word here of the Afghan expenditure, which India cannot pay for—and yet Tory orators keep on telling us that the present Government are largely reducing the public debt, and lessening the taxation of the country!

THE coming municipal election promises a stiff contest in Saint Michael's Ward between the two old opponents, the retiring Councillor, Mr. Wm. Brown, and Mr. Richards, who opposed him three years ago, but Mr. Brown is, we fancy, too popular in the Ward to be easily unseated.

MR. J. H. RYDER will contest the seat vacated by Mr. Charles Walker in All Saints' Ward at the coming municipal election. The seat was held by his father, Mr. James Ryder, for fourteen years.

WE came across a remarkable curiosity in the sacred precincts of Westminster Abbey on Thursday, the second October. One visitor to the ancient pile was conspicuous, his conventional surtout and white stock, waistcoat of serge, &c., betokened the minister of religion, and a friend who was with him listened with "ears reverent" to his descriptive low murmurs as he passed the sacred shrines, ancient tombs, &c. Both of these men had their hats on, and one was a white one! Such is the respect of a Church minister for things holy.

THE idea of J. C. W. in last Saturday's *City News* of protecting one's self from the attack of a lion, by means of a metal reflector placed in one's hat, has certainly the recommendation of novelty. Next to putting salt on a bird's tail we should say that it is the most scientific hunting experiment ever mooted. But how about the persuading Mr. Lion to remain still until you have fixed your position and reflector so as to adjust the rays to his eyes? We should like to communicate with some one who has tried the experiment, as we think that whatever may be the force of the mirror's reflections, those of the hunter during the process would be more forcible than pleasant.

A PERSON has called upon us, who says he is an elector of St. Michael's Ward, to complain of the unscrupulous manner in which Mr. Brown's requisition has been "got up." He says that many names are down which are not authorised by the owners thereof. "In fact," he said, "the whole thing reads like one of his soap's fables!" We promptly kicked our visitor out of the office, and are slowly recovering from the effect of the unmanly perpetration.

THE *Gazette* of Tuesday night has announced the bestowal of the Victoria Cross on Lieutenant Walter Richard Pollock Hamilton, of the Bengal Staff Corps, for his conspicuous gallantry at Fettehabad on the second April last. Such is the tardy manner in which well deserved honours are served to our brave fellows by a grateful Government. In the meantime Lieutenant Hamilton had the misfortune to be killed on the third September in the outbreak at Cabul. Honours for distinguished services which are real are conferred six months after they are merited, but in the meantime the recipient of the distinction is killed, and the Victoria Cross has become a mockery. The gartered honours of our two representatives at the Berlin Congress, whose distinguished services were only imaginary, were not delayed six months. Perhaps we shall next hear of poor Hamilton being knighted for his distinguished services at Cabul. We are tempted to say over the body of the gallant young soldier as Sir John Falstaff said over that of Sir Walter Blunt—"There's honour for you!"

THE GAS PROFITS.

THE gas profits debate last week was interesting. It appears that the profits of the Gas Committee cannot legally be devoted in any portion to street lighting, but must be given to the Improvement Committee for the purpose of making fancy alterations in the more respectable parts of the city, whilst those portions of the city which really want serious improvements are utterly neglected. It also appears that the Improvement Committee have already acquired a quarter of a million's worth of land which no sane speculator would buy, and that neither Mayor nor Council know anything about their own parliamentary powers, and that Mr. Talbot, the Deputy Town Clerk, knows just as little, because the Acts are "so complicated;" so the debate has been adjourned for a fortnight in order to make inquiries on the subject from Sir Joseph or somebody else who does know something; and so endeth the lesson. By the way, the speeches of Councillors Harwood and Stewart should be carefully studied by the electors of the various wards, as containing statements which every one interested in these proceedings ought to hear.

MR. JOHN STANIAN AND TRINITY WARD.

THE announcement that Mr. John Stanian has been selected to stand as a candidate for the representation of Trinity Ward, Salford, will undoubtedly be received with enthusiasm, not by one section, but by all sections of the constituency. Mr. Stanian is one of those men who does not allow politics or party considerations to sway his better nature and conscientious opinions; he is one who has an eye to see, a heart to feel, and a hand to relieve and redress, as the constituency he seeks to represent have already proved in the most incontestible manner. He does not seek election from personal motives, and from an earnest wish, to do his utmost in the interest of his fellow-townsmen. Neither has Trinity Ward alone appreciated and shown its appreciation of Mr. Stanian's intrinsic and acknowledged merit, requisitions from no less than three distinct wards having been influentially and numerous put forth for his acceptance. But Mr. Stanian does not choose to be the representative of a mere household constituency; he does not wish to sit for a ward where capital, but not labour, is represented; his ambition takes a nobler flight than this, he seeks the interests which are bound up with the workshop and the manufactory, he believes that therein is embodied the well-being of the artisan and the labourer, and it is their well-being in the social scale which Mr. Stanian has at heart and seeks to ensure. He has elected to represent the manufacturing interests which are concentrated in Trinity Ward and are bound up in its factory and workshop chimneys, and that election is alike characteristic of Mr. Stanian and worthy of his head and his heart. Trinity Ward has felt, in the days of its deepest sorrow and distress, what it was to have in its midst such men as John Stanian and William Hale Sutton, who already represents its interests in the Salford Town Council, and the time has now come when Trinity Ward can show its appreciation of their noble and philanthropic efforts by returning Mr. Stanian as its second representative, as the colleague of his partner, thus committing their welfare to those who have so well watched over it in its adversity, and allowing no other ward to rob it of a representative so worthy of their common interest, but inaugurating a remarkable event in municipal politics, that of conferring such a great honour upon a deserving firm as choosing both its members to represent the same Ward in Council, and thereby proving how largely they consider themselves, not indebted, but bound by mutual interest, to the firm of Sutton and Stanian. The Ward has indeed a glorious opportunity before it, and we hope that party and politics will be sunk in one common cause, and that cause will be the return to the Salford Council Chamber of Mr. John Stanian.

"BASE IS THE SLAVE WHO PAYS."

EVERY man plays many parts, says the immortal "William," and Mr. Henry Patteson, pawnbroker, Gorton, who, last week, went to prison rather than pay a pound a week for the maintenance of his wife, played a part which he will find will not pay him, just as surely as he went there in default of paying the Guardians. But, in truth, being short of common-sense in imagining that any portion of the Union claims will be settled by his electing to go to prison rather than pay, he was badly advised by Mr. Edge when that gentlemen declared that his client was not bound to pay more than the smallest sum which the Guardians could keep the woman for. As the law stands, a bad wife, even, is entitled to as good a maintenance as the husband is able to provide for himself. Further, the workhouse is not an asylum or prison for the detention of women whom their husbands chose to declare are bad wives, nor, indeed, is it so for those women who are in truth bad, dissolute, drunken wives. Mr. Edge did not render his client any service by his declaration of what he would be obliged to do, and so Mr. Patteson went to prison for two months to prove Mr. Edge was right, but not to pay the debt, oh, no, that is still being scored against him, and in due time, it will be collected from the pawnshop of Mr. Patteson. This conduct of the pawnbroker is on the very edge of common-sense, if not over the edge, and singularly enough, is a direct result of the argument of Mr. Edge, the defending lawyer, but a little reflection will make the fact apparent that if the courts took the asseveration of every disappointed husband that his wife was bad, and confined the woman to the workhouse at the rate of seven shillings per week, the land would be filled with workhouses. "Every man in his humour," or out of humour, during some portion of the pilgrimage in search of connubial bliss, thinks, and sometimes says, his wife is bad: and if the contention of Mr. Edge be allowed, there will be established an

"underground railway," on the pattern of the Quaker railway for the escapement of American slaves before the war of secession, but our railway will be for the enslavement of reputed bad wives. Yet if we take that plan into our favour concerning Gill, what must we do about Jack? May the wives get rid of bad husbands for seven shillings a week, and have a respectable face put on affairs as well; the whole thrown in at seven shillings? Really, Mr. Edge has surpassed himself, but he was surpassed by his brother lawyer, Mr. Richmond. Asked by the bench what the Guardians would have allowed the woman if she had been a widow and without relatives, he replied, about seven shillings per week! Now, that is the legal limit for a family of three or four persons in such a case, and the actual practice is two shillings and sixpence, given for two or three weeks in one order, when the case has to come up again for consideration. We understood that the Manchester Guardians had a monopoly of "grim humour," but the present is a time fruitful of surprises, so we shall expect to hear that this statement of Mr. Richmond's is only a sample of the "grim humour" of describing the pauper's half-a-crown as seven shillings, if not, there will speedily be an exodus of the poor to Chorlton, and the pawnbroker's case will turn out to have been an unfortunate affair for both the man and the township. We suggest to the township authorities that a suitable legend to put up on the façade of their new offices will be, "One half the world does not know how the other half lives," and on the other side add, "and does not care."

WHAITE'S EXHIBITION

OF Water Color Drawings and Sketches, six hundred and ninety-three in number, is now on view, being the sixteenth of the series. There are a few which we think are worthy of special notice; namely, No. 6, Compulsory Military Lodgings, by G. Barbaglio, where the two colors come in, perhaps in no agreeable propinquity, the red and the black, that is, the abbé and the soldier. Next, No. 639, Bolton Abbey, by Ward Heys, which is a life-like scene, much better than another view of the same subject, No. 150, by the same artist. Then comes No. 40, The Rhone Gate of Avignon, by H. Valter: "This ancient city of the popes is still enclosed by lofty walls, surmounted by a cornice and machicolations, battlements, and flanked by watch towers, which were constructed for its defence by Clement VI., fourteenth century." A massive, powerful, and rugose piece of work. No. 50, Waiting for Customers, by Julia Pocock, a pleasing picture. The Lady Alicia, No. 54, by Austin Carter, a Romanesque head, worthy of Poppo. The Firstborn, by Pasloti, No. 81, will be a favorite with mothers. No. 224, Ann Page and Slender, by Buckley. No. 235, Scene from Merchant of Venice, by the same author. No. 251—

"And there follows a mist and weeping rain,
And life is never the same again;"

by F. Coleman, which represents a young gallant mourning over the death of his beloved, in the somewhat singular costume of white and blue hose, red vest and cap. No. 340, "Old Gentility"—

"'Tis sixty years ago—
Yet memory, like the setting sun,
Still lingering fondly, dwells upon
The graceful quaintness of a fashion past."

391. Lovers—The First Present—by Deschamps, describing a nice interior of the Elizabethan era; and coming nearer home, No. 434, A Viaduct on the Irwell, Clifton, by W. R. Credland—a very faithful drawing, but the colors too light and crude to give a natural idea of the place. No. 640, Musical Reverie; a study for the lover of the king of instruments musical—the Fiddle.

Scattered about the rooms are a number of terra-cotta figures, in colored clay, from Doultry, and elsewhere, very interesting and unique. A great relief from the flat insipidity of the usual white clay and marble, they appear like painted figures which had stepped from a painting and formed themselves into solidity, thus proving

"Each art is, so to speak, a separate tone;
The perfect chord results from all in one."

WOMAN.—My dear Dick, you have some lessons to learn in life, and one of them is, that, just as it is bad heraldry to put color on color, it is an egregious blunder to follow flattery by flattery. The woman who has been spoiled by over-admiration must be approached with something else as unlike it as may be—pique—annoy—irritate—outrage, but take care you interest her. Let her only come to feel what a very tiresome thing more adulation is, and she will one day value your two or three civil speeches as gems of priceless worth.—Lever.

BROOK'S DANDELION COFFEE

is the best. Recommended by Dr. Hassall, M.D.; also Mrs. Lewis. Analysed by Otto Hehner, F.C.S., and sold in Tins at 6d., 1s., and 1s. 9d. by all respectable Grocers. Makers—BROOK & CO., 76, Hanover-st., Manchester.

SOCIAL SCIENCE CONGRESS—A PUBLIC MEETING

WAS held in the Free Trade Hall, on Monday, 6th October, and the chair was taken by the Mayor (Alderman Grundy), at 8 o'clock p.m., who made a few introductory remarks; when the Bishop of Manchester addressed the meeting at length; after patting on the back the intelligence of the "Working Man," he gave them a few bitter truths about the thankless office of Arbitrator between master and man, for the Union of the Operative Painters, for which he had acted some time ago, and the Mayor recently; the Union, after the Mayor's award, published the following—"We, the members of the Operative Painters' Association, while submitting to the award, protest most solemnly against that award on the ground that the umpire was an employer of labour, and consequently was interested in the case; secondly, that the decision was against the evidence brought forward by the workman's committee; and, thirdly, that the Mayor had shown himself a partisan of the employes, with a decided animus against the men, on the boundary question, because he stigmatised as vicious a system which had been in use ever since the trade had been in existence." This, the Bishop said, was hard on the Mayor, as they knew he was an employer of labour, before they applied to him, &c., &c. &c. If the Bishop, or any other patter on the back of the over-lauded "Working Man," would only go and work with them for a month, *incog*, they would be charier of their over enlogy of the operative class in the bulk.

The Bishop was followed by the Hon. G. Broderick, who agreed with the Bishop; but on introducing the name of Beaconsfield, as a simile, he was met with loud hisses, and few cheers; yet on the mention of Gladstone with loud applause.

Mr. G. W. Hastings then addressed the meeting, for Sir Travis Twiss, on the consolidation and simplification of English law. The Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, president of the Education Department, said, "It had been suggested what a good thing it would be for the political education of the country, if we could collect all the money necessary for maintaining our army and navy, and paying for our wars out of the rates, and pay for our education out of the general taxation. (Loud applause.) The ratepayer brought wonderfully home to the working man the coincidence of taxation. He did not want to enter into politics, but if politics came into the question they must face them, and he did think that if the six millions thrown away last year had been collected from the rates, the people would not have sung so many vulgar songs." Then up sprang Mr. F. S. Powell to order. He was received with hissings and hootings, to which he replied by crossing his neck, shaking his fists, and other graceful gesticulations in true Tory taste, on hearing the truth, but not a word could be heard of his eloquence.

When he could be heard, he said, "Now, I am one of the Council of this Association—your worship is not"—(loud hisses)—for which remark he apologised, and through his after speech on Health, you could see that

"A little grain of conscience made him sour,"

the six millions reference showed throughout that

"Fierce passion discompose the mind
As tempests lash the sea."

Lord Reay, Messrs. Wood and Slatter, and the Bishop of Salford afterwards addressed the meeting, which ended at 10 o'clock.

"PICCOLINO,"

AS performed at the Prince's Theatre on Tuesday, 7th October, was an undoubted success, and will become a greater favorite on each representation, as there is nothing forced or unnatural in the plot, whilst the songs and airs, serious and facetious, are easy and pleasing. "Marthe" (Miss Julia Gaylord), a Swiss Shepherdess, is in the service of the pastor, "Ziegler" (Herbert Lawrence). The first scene opens on the Christmas Eve, when three tourists, "Jean Musaraigne" (Leslie Crotty), "Annibal Tourteau" (Mr. Szazelle), and "Gerome Comète" (Charles Lyall) having lost their way, are entertained by the Pastor. In their conversation they state they are going to Rome to meet a fellow student, "Frédéric Auvray," who had previously been in Switzerland, and had made love to "Marthe," which was the cause of her unaccountable sadness. She resolved on flight to seek her lover, and finds her way to Rome, disguised as a male image-seller, by name "Antonio."

The next scene is the osteria of "Auvray," in which is seen a family party of travelling English, father, mother, and four daughters, aged from sixteen to six, all walking along and reading their guide books, their guide describing the scenery; but they never lifting their heads from their books

neither to the scenery nor the importunities of the musicians and beggars. Then appears "Auvray," after which a scena and duo is sung between him and "Elena," sister to the "Duke of Strozzi," of whom he has become enamoured; afterwards appear his Bohemian friends, the tourists, with their sweethearts, who unearth him. Amidst their jollification appears "Marthe," selling images. They all agree to make him one of them, if he be, as "Gerome" puts it, willing to "climb the high hill of art," as pupil to "Auvray," who did not recognise his quondam love in "Antonio," and he, not liking that name, changed it into "Piccolino," or Little Friend. Placed near to "Auvray," she becomes acquainted with all his secrets, intrigue with "Elena," &c., and saves her lover from assassination, by "Beppo," the valet of the Duke, who has become aware of his sister's intrigue with the artist. Another scene opens with a view of "Auvray's" studio, who is engaged on a portrait of "Cleopatra," which is supposed to be a likeness of "Elena," it being displeasing to "Piccolino," who declares the picture bad, and even the eyes not a pair, as she appears to have one eye on Antony and the other on Octavius. Afterwards comes a masquerade during the carnival, when in comes "Elena," and meets "Piccolino" alone—who declares herself as the wife before heaven of "Auvray," shows her the betrothal ring with the names of "Marthe" and "Frédéric," and sings a beautiful song, "Give up my love to me," all to no effect; "Elena" being disturbed, flies for sanctuary into an inner apartment, in comes "Auvray" and the masqueraders—followed by the Duke, who asks him to paint him a picture from a supposed event in the life of one of his ancestors, viz., an ancestress of his house having fallen in love with a French artist, his ancestor to get him away had asked him to paint some distant scene; "Auvray" guessing the meaning, supposed the artist refused, to which the Duke said, then in that case the lady was sent to a convent for life, but would not the artist fight the Duke—yes, but the Duke only fought with his equals, not poor artists. He departs, "Auvray" flies to his chamber, found someone had been there, and accuses "Piccolino" of interfering in his affairs, curses him, and declares he cannot and never did love anyone but "Elena," at which "Piccolino" rushes out and throws herself into the Tiber. The fisherman who bring in the ring to "Auvray" is overwhelmed with questions, and then he finds out, too late, that "Piccolino" was his forgotten "Marthe." Amidst his bemoanings in came "Marthe," who had been rescued; then came the usual reconciliation, as he has been jilted by "Elena" he took to his shepherdess; and to use a Blessingtonism, on Love matches—"for a month of honey, they condemn themselves to a life of vinegar."

The house was crowded in every part, and the songs and players were again and again encored. For the first appearance everything went off excellently well.

VOLUNTEERS—VALEDICTORY.

VOLUNTEERS of Manchester! soldiers of our Queen!
Though youthful in appearance, manly is your mien!
Truthful as your aim, your courage is as true,
May you ne'er face old England's foes, or else, by George,
you'll rue.

Peaceful occupations most of you pursue,
Peaceful is your aim as well as being true,
In peaceful times your highest aim a shooting prize to win,
Which honour brings to winners besides a lot of tin.

Bloodless are the victories you gain at Wimbledon,
Yet a hero is the victor who ever and anon
Is greeted with "loud cheers" by comrades brave and loyal,
Who shoulder up the winner in style most truly royal.

Although you never may as warlike quite appear
As they who fought of old with buckler and with spear;
Well able are you still your country to defend,
Aye, though your trade may be old shoes or togs to mend.

Bree(a)ches you would make, and that both right and left,
Thus many happy hearths and homes would never be bereft.
Let's hope that you may never your Martini-Henry turn
'Gainst any foeman's breast, but rather foeman spurn.

THERE is an art of Reading, as well as an art of Thinking, and an art of writing.—Isa. D'Israeli.

SING of the nature of women, and then the song shall be surely full of vanity, old crotchets, and most sweet closes. It shall be humorous, grave, fantastic, amorous, melancholy, sprightly, one in all and all in one.—Marston.

RYDE, ISLE OF WIGHT. HOPGOOD & CO'S N. & S. Hair Cream, recommended by Eminent Physicians, for its "surprising and untailing success," may be had of all Chemists & Perfumers, at 1/6, 3/4, 2/6, 8/6, 9/-, & 11/-. H. & CO.'s Sensitive Cold Cream, 6d., 1/-, & 2/6.

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

DEAR JACKDAW,

I SEND you some notes from the wisdom that floats,
 In five streams all at once gushing,
 From the Congress now sitting and valiantly pitting
 Its tongues against Time o'er it rushing.

Of course, it is vain for one poor feeble brain
 To attempt with such wisdom to grapple,
 One can from the tree, so imposing to see,
 Just pluck here and there a small apple.

And first of the ladies, whose clamour for aid is
 Heard loudest at every such meeting,
 Very strange are the schemes and Utopian dreams
 The oppression of man for defeating.

They now are kept out of professions no doubt,
 For no reason at all but to please men,
 While they really are fit in all places to sit,
 Though they can't walk about as policemen.

And a lady should hold all her silver and gold,
 From marital clutches protected,
 Whilst the man should perforce, as a matter of course,
 To defray all her debts be expected.

Shall we grant equal rights to the niggers, whose lights
 May perhaps be unequal to ours,
 Or act in the way that is usual to day,
 Amongst the great civilised powers.

For nations well booted (with corns deeply rooted)
 May march about burning and shooting,
 But savage Zulus without stockings and shoes,
 Stand, of course, on a different footing.

We learn that this cramming is useless for jamming
 In children's small skulls so much knowledge,
 That schools should be graded, and genius aided
 To climb from the gutter to college.

That the drains in each dwelling should be kept free from smelling,
 And the air with hot water pipes treated,
 Though I cannot explain the advantage you gain
 From taking your vitriol heated.

That by laying a tax on unmarried men's backs,
 Would prevent them a pauper's grave filling;
 And that folks who sell beer, to pay very dear
 For their licenses ought to be willing.

That the dead hand no longer should prove so much stronger
 Than fair play to the living demands;
 And to simplify codes would remove many loads,
 From the burdened possessor of lands.

Kinder Garten's the thing education to bring
 To the right path from which it has wandered,
 With marbles and peas the poor infant to please,
 Not to cram him to pass any standard.

That those who disfigure our towns with great rigour
 Should be checked in their evil persisting,
 And that roads should no more be in straight lines that bore,
 But go gracefully curving and twisting—

And though when you're in pain about catching a train
 You might wish the streets to be straighter,
 You must just recollect the æsthetic effect
 Of a circle's so very much greater.

All such subjects as these you may read if you please
 In "transactions that cost you a guinea:"
 When you've read them 'twill be a moot question indeed
 If you'll be any less of a ninny!

J. H.

"VIVIAN GREY."

IT may add some interest to the farrago of nonsense and impossibilities of this endless book, to know there was once a key published as to the characters named in it: according to this, Vivian Grey was the author, Benjamin Disraeli; Sherborne, D'Iraeli the elder; Marquis of Carabas, Lord Lyndhurst; Stanislaus Hoax, Theodore Hook; Duke of Juggernaut, Duke of Norfolk; Prince of Little Lilliput, Prince Leopold; Mrs. Million, Mrs. Coutts; Foaming Fudge, Lord Brougham; Prima Donna, Lord Wm. Lennox; Prince Xiurnpetoskiw, Prince Gortschakof; Fitzborn, Sir Robert Peel; Charlatan Gas, Canning; Lord Past Century, Eldon; Marquis of Grandgoût, Lord Hertford; Mrs. Felix Lorraine, Lady Caroline Lamb; (the authoress of "Glenaroon," 1816, which is, according to Lord Byron, a sillier book than even "Vivian Grey," were it possible); while Southey, Brummell, Esterhazy, Metternich, and other celebrities of the period, are freely introduced and satirized.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE AMEER.

THIS is a favourite line with the contents sheet compilers of our dailies;—what does it mean? Decidedly the attitude of the Ameer is the greatest source of weakness and embarrassment to us possible to be conceived. We have set up a puppet, and in the hour of danger he simply comes over to us against the wishes of his subjects, and says "Kill all my enemies, and I will again sit on the throne you have built for me and receive your money, but you will have to keep up a strong force to protect me from future outrage. You will, of course, build a new residency and send me a new resident, and all will go on as before." The fact is, that Yakoub Khan has landed us on the horns of a serious dilemma. He employs our troops and treasures to get his troubles settled, and then receives our state pension with a condescending air as if he was conferring an obligation upon us and actually protecting us. We may enter Cabul with some thousands of corpses as stepping-stones thereto, but we cannot claim any indemnification, because the Ameer is *our friend*—we are only warring with a portion of his subjects; but meanwhile the whole civilised world is quietly enjoying the farce of "John Bull and his new friend."

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

[BY CARRIAGE CLEANER.]

ON City Road, this morning, I saw a boy in blue,
 His collar bore the brass mark which read D forty-two;
 And very well he looked—from his helmet to his shoe—
 May the helmet of contentment upon him sit as true.

In Chapel Street, another boy was mounted on a tit,
 Also in uniform of blue, and very well it fit;
 You think he was a soldier—I reply, no, not a bit—
 He was one of those policemen who on horseback do sit.

Now the boys in blue look after you (and also after me),
 And lock up other people when they go upon the spree—
 As some folks do and always will so long as trade is free—
 Same as the other boys in blue who sail upon the sea.

These boys in blue are "werry kind" to halt, and lame, and blind,
 Also to those who may not be so "werry right" in mind;
 And if it be not theirs the great and wondrous stone to find,
 They will still be remembered and loved by all mankind.

NEW MANCHESTER.

UNDER this heading several letters have appeared in the newspapers, which contain the various ideas of the writers thereof, the subject of improving certain districts or streets, without any regard to the objections which might and would probably be raised by those immediately interested in the said improvements. The *Jackdaw's* columns, which are always open to suggestions of this kind, are this week the medium of placing before the public the following happy thoughts:—

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

Sir,—By removing that large incubus, which exists in the most busy portion of London Road, known as Bank Top Station, what a fine opening would be made into Ardwick. The want of such an opening has long been felt, and the incalculable benefit which would be derived therefrom is a matter in which the public would be the greatest sharers. The cost would be very insignificant.

JOHN SMALLBRANE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

Sir,—Why is the Manchester Infirmary so long permitted to obstruct the public view from Piccadilly? The expense of its removal to the neighbourhood of Moss Side or Hightown would be so easily defrayed by a small public rate that no reasonable citizen would possibly murmur when he came to consider the immense advantage of the same.

I. DE OTT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF THE "CITY JACKDAW."]

Sir,—Any sensible person walking up Mosley Street cannot avoid being struck by the inconsistency of allowing St. Peter's Church to block the way to our theatres and Concert Halls. The same incongruity exists also at St. Ann's Square, the very entrance to which is entirely choked up by the Royal Exchange. How long is this to be? Let the next municipal election speak the public mind on the subject.

H. HAM CHAYREY.

ARONSBURG'S "PERFECTION" SPECTACLES

ONLY TO BE HAD AT 12, VICTORIA STREET, AND 103, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

AN ECCLES WEDDING.

ON Sunday morning, any one passing the end of a certain well-known street situate in the centre of Eccles—not quite ten miles from the Market Place—might have observed that something out of the common way was agitating the bosoms of the fair creatures, whose excited gestures sufficiently betokened the interest they took in the proceedings. A young lady, whose antecedents are well worthy of being handed down to posterity, as good old Eccles cakes of the true flavour, had consented to bless the happy home of a most fortunate youth, who resides within the classic neighbourhood of Patricroft—boasting, as it does, a real live poet, who now, after many vicissitudes, sits calmly upon the hill of Parnassus, enjoying those laurels which an (un)appreciative public have placed upon his noble brow. Sunday having been appointed for the wedding, the couple made the necessary arrangements. The anxious and expectant crowd waited for a sight of the bride, but waited in vain; for she, anticipating the actions of the crowd outside, slipped quietly out at the back door, and was ere long joined by her intended husband, who bore her triumphantly (on her feet, of course) to the Eccles Parish Church, where the officiating minister soon made them "one until death did them part." By this little stratagem the young married couple saved the double expense of treating their friends to glasses round; and, instead of having to provide a wedding breakfast, dined by themselves in their future home.

PORTRAITS: MARY LAMB

BORE a strong personal resemblance to her brother Charles, being in stature under middle height, possessing well-cut features, and a countenance of singular sweetness and intelligence. Her brown eyes were soft, yet penetrating; her nose and mouth very shapely; while the general expression was mildness itself. She had a speaking voice, gentle and persuasive; and her smile was her brother's own—winning in the extreme.

There was a certain catch, or emotional breathingness, in her utterance, which gave an inexpressible charm to her reading of poetry, and which lent a captivating earnestness to her mode of speech when addressing those she liked. This slight check, with its yearning, eager effect in her voice, had something softenedly akin to her brother Charles's impediment of articulation: in him it scarcely amounted to a stammer; in her it merely imparted additional stress to the fine-sensed suggestions she made to those whom she counselled or consoled. She had a mind at once nobly-toned and practical, making her ever a chosen source of confidence among her friends, who turned to her for consolation, confirmation; and advice, in matters of much moment, always secure of deriving from her both aid and solace. Her manner was easy, almost homely; so quiet, unaffected, and perfectly unpretending was it. Beneath the sparing talk and retired carriage, few casual observers would have suspected the ample information and large intelligence that lay comprised there. She was oftener a listener than a speaker. In the modestly-behaved woman simply sitting there, taking small share in general conversation, few who did not know her would have imagined the accomplished classical scholar, the excellent understanding, the altogether rarely-gifted being, morally and mentally, that Mary Lamb was. Her apparel was always of the plainest kind, a black stuff or silk gown, made and worn in the simplest fashion. She took snuff liberally—a habit that had evidently grown out of her propensity to sympathise with and share all her brother's tastes; and it certainly had the effect of enhancing her likeness to him. She had a small white, and delicately-formed hand; and as it hovered above the tortoise-shell box, containing the powder so strongly approved by them both, in search of the stimulating pinch, the act seemed yet another link of association between the brother and sister, when hanging together over their favourite books and studies.—C. and M. C. Clarke.

When Fortune fell asleep and hate did bind her,
Art Fortune lost, and Ignorance did find her,
Sith when, dull Ignorance with Fortune store
Hath been enrich'd, and Art hath still been poor.—Dingley.

READING.—The most famous of the Pyramids was that of Hermes. Through each door of this Pyramid was an entrance into seven apartments, called by the names of the planets. In each of them was a golden statue. The biggest was in the apartment of Osiris, or the Sun. It had a book upon its forehead, and its hand upon its mouth. Upon the outside of the book was written this inscription—"I must be read in a profound silence."

ANA.

"Where the Deuce have you found all this Nonsense?" said Cardinal d'Este to Ariosto, on presenting his *Orlando Furioso*.

"Be prepared to hear:

And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of."—Shakspeare.

A PHILOSOPHICAL RIDDLE.—What English word is derived partly from Gaelic and partly from Hebrew, with a French suffix of Greek origin, and an English suffix as well? Answer—Mac-adam-is-ed.—N. and Q., 4 Oct., 1879.

BETWEEN PRESS AND PUBLIC.—A famous "speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing" will be found in at least two modern editions of Milton's works, viz., by Rev. Dr. Symmons (7 vols., 1806) in his fourth volume. In the course of this "grand oration" Milton almost descends from its more lofty torrent into the common impatience of mere mortal, when he comes to express the annoyance that "when a man writes for the world" what he has carefully prepared, he showed he subjected "to the hasty view of an unlearn'd licencer," perhaps much his younger, "to blot or alter," &c., "and if he be not repulsed or slighted, must appear in print like a prince with his guardian," whose very office and his commission enjoys him to lette passe nothing but what is valourously received already.—N. and Q., 4 Oct., 1879.

A CAPTIVE KING.

[FROM THE "REFRER."]

LET him come across the water to this noble Christian land,
That the reason we dethrone him he may rightly understand;
Let him see our men and women and the sort of life we lead—
He will own his past transgressions and his savage heart will bleed.

He will see we love each other, and that crimes are all unknown,
And no wicked chieftain covets land and cattle not his own;
He will see our courts of justice where the poorest get redress,
He will see our lovely ladies and their modesty confess.

He will see no Jingoes thirsting spears to wash in foemen's blood,
He will see no slaves and bondmen treated here as trodden mud;
Here are only law and order, here are only love and light,
Here we never steal and murder, here we never, never fight.

He will see our high condition and our plenty and our peace;
He will note, unlike the Zulus, we can do without police;
He will find our gracious monarch mixing freely with us all,
Ever ready at a moment to obey at duty's call.

He will find the Court the haven of morality and worth,
Where the nobles set a pattern to the folks of lower birth;
Where the ladies love their husbands, and are modesty itself,
Ne're a blossom has a blemish in the garden of the Guelph!

He will note the Queen the centre of a happy familiee;
He will see our Prince, who never—hardly ever—has a spree;
He will note our leading journals, where our island story's told,
And he'll feel himself a monster in the gentle baa-lamb's fold.

He will write across the water to the Zulus there and then,
And will tell them how angelic are the noble English men;
Let him come and live among us, he'll confess beyond a doubt,
We were just the sort of people who'd a right to kick him out.

NOTICE TO READERS.

Persons who wish to see the *City Jackdaw* regularly are respectfully recommended to order it of their Newsagents, otherwise, they may be, and often are, disappointed in not being able to obtain copies. Or, it will be sent by post from the Publishing Office, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, every week for half-a-year on payment of 3s. 3d. in advance, being posted in time for delivery at any address each Friday morning.

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Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, 51, Spear Street, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender. The Editor does not engage to return MS. unless a stamped envelope be enclosed, nor will he be responsible for their loss, as our waste-paper basket is a large one, and is consigned to the P.D. several times per diem. Neither can we undertake to pay for contributions unless by special arrangement.

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THE CITY JACKDAW.

5

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Mr. Denton begs to call particular attention to the following Extracts from Letters and Testimonials from some of the persons who have been cured:—

"70, Ashton New Road, November 2nd, 1878.
Dear Sir,—My conscience will not allow me to postpone any longer tendering to you my most sincere thanks for the wonderful cure you have worked upon me. Your invaluable Preparation has done wonders. In order that this well-merited commendation may be seen to be something more than mere flattery, I will just mention one or two instances illustrative of the improvement of the condition in my sense of hearing. Thanks to you, this sense is now delicate. . . . I would remind you that I have suffered from deafness all my life. By occupation I am a pupil teacher. The noise occasioned by ordinary school duties has been so great of late that I sent a boy the other day for a piece of wool to put in my ears, in order to diminish it. Last Sunday I attended church, as usual, and, although the minister was an Irishman, and, of course, a little imperfect in pronunciation, I heard every word in the whole of his discourse. I am not able to express my gratitude to you, but I will say that I hope you will be long spared to go on in your Christian work of healing and relieving, by your intelligence and experience, the sufferings from this distressing affliction of your fellow-men.

"Yours gratefully,

"ARTHUR WARREN.

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"Mr. Denton."
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JOHN HOPWOOD.

"Mr. JAS. DENTON."

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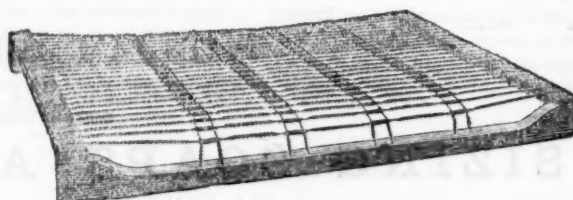
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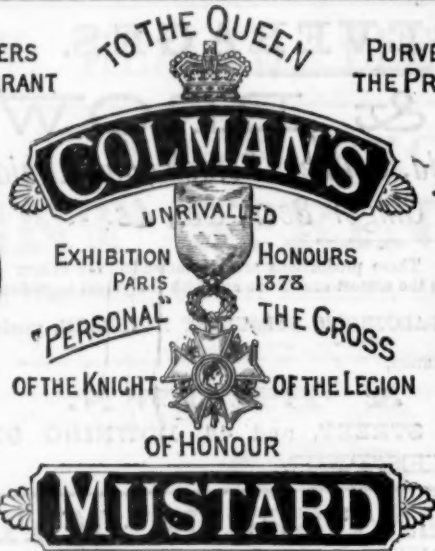
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